UNDER THE STARS AND OTHER VERSES

by WALLACE RICE and BARRETT EASTMAN

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO.
PUBLISHERS ... CHICAGO ... MDCCCXCIX

The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

To

Mrs. Frank Norris,

with all the compliments of

half the authors,

Wallace Rice.

Manor Twelfth, Mcmi.

Under the Stars

and Other Songs of the Sea

by

Wallace Rice and
Barrett Eastman

Clear a voice sounds o'er the cannon
Of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon:*
"Keep the flag flying!"
LAWRENCE, wounded lying—
Pain nor death his spirit shrinks:
"Fight her till she strikes or sinks!"
Through the battle's roar and rip,
Above the cheers, across the years,
That dying word our sailor hears:
"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

Chicago
Way and Williams
Mdcccxcviii

COPYRIGHTED, 1898 BY
WAY AND WILLIAMS
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

To the Wider Patriotism

Contents

	PAGE
Under the Stars *(R)*	9
The Baptism of the Flag *(E)*	11
Joy Enough *(E)*	15
The Cheer of the Men who Speak English *(R)*	17
How We Burned the *Philadelphia (E)*	20
Richard Somers *(E)*	25
The Flag with Fifteen Stripes *(R)*	27
Xix August., Mdcccxii *(R)*	29
The First American Sailors *(R)*	33
Overseas They Wait *(E)*	38
Ballad of the Havannah Taken *(R)*	40
Brothers of One Blood *(E)*	44
Peace Hath Her Victories *(R)*	46
Chiquita: A Legend of the Western Seas *(E)*	49
Bainbridge, the Brig, and the Blockade *(R)*	53
When My Turn Comes *(E)*	56
Notes	59

Under the Stars

Tell me what sail the seas
Under the stars?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars:

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs;

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare
Streams from the spars?
Red stripes and white they bear,
Blue, with bright stars:

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above,—
Blue for the deep,—
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow?
Ships, and ships' companies
Eagerly go

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end:

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

The Baptism of the Flag

Strong in the breeze at the mainmast top there
swung the sullen Snake,
"Do n't Tread on Me!" his warning plain for
friend and foe to take;
And his fangs were pointed to England and the
wind was fair in the West
As we sailed that day out of Portsmouth Bay with
joy in the sailor's breast.

Like a dolphin leaped the *Ranger* through the mist
of the salt sea spray,
Like a panther kept her keen nose down to smell
the scent of her prey;
And each hearty aboard saw glory ahead and felt
good luck in his bones,
For the ship and crew were staunch and true and
our captain was John Paul Jones.

The Baptism of the Flag

On, on we sailed to the shrinking East for wearisome days and nights,
Until at dusk the lookout cried, "Straight for'ard the harbor lights!"
"Wear ship!" cried the Captain; "Heave to! and out with the anchor, for now, I swear,
That should be Nantes on the coast of France whose lights are gleaming there."

When daylight came and the lips of the sky were red on the lips of the sea,
The bos'n piped, "All hands on deck!" and up on the deck came we;
There stood the Captain with folded arms as we ranged ourselves in line,
And said not a word that ever we heard, but we saw his eyeballs shine.

We looked at him and he looked at us and, silent still, he laid
His hand on the halliards and lowered straight the flag we so proudly displayed.
"What is this?" we asked. "Has he traitor turned? By God! it shall go right hard
But we stretch his neck from the quarter deck to the end of yonder yard!"

The Captain read our thoughts and smiled, then raised his hand, and said:
"When I am false to my land, my men, may lightning strike me dead!
I have lowered the flag, 't is true; but see! another its place will take—
The Stars and Stripes of the Thirteen States shall fly in the place of the Snake."

And when the flag at the mainmast top was floating free and clear,
Captain and crew their voices joined three times in a thunderous cheer—
Cheered till the echo came back to us from out of the rocking shrouds,
Cheered till it seemed the sound of our cheers would pierce the purple clouds.

Far off in the harbor the Admiral heard the sound of our cheers, and he
With all of his fleet weighed anchor then and straightway put to sea;
But when he saw the Stars and Stripes saluting his own ensign
Then down in salute came the Lilies of France on all the ships-of-the-line.

The Baptism of the Flag

"To your knees, my men!" cried Captain Paul,
"and let us humbly pray
We may fight like men and die like men for the
Flag we have raised this day;
Whatever the fates may weave for us, whatever
may chance to be,
While the broad sea rolls we must spill our souls
for the Starry Flag of the Free!"

And there in the light of the open sea God's wind
first kissed the sign
That freedom was born to men of our race and all
of our children's line;
And there to God on His pathless deep and under
His rosy sky,
His seabirds screaming around the Flag, we swore
for that Sign to die.

Joy Enough

Into the caverns of the sea
  Shall all at last descend,
Who now press forward gallantly
  Unrecking of the end.

And no man knoweth what is there,
  Nor when his time shall come
To yield his soul and take his share
  With all those gone and dumb.

It may be we shall find our kin
  Waiting to grasp our hands,
And lead us glorified within,
  Over the shining sands;

It may be we with them shall lie,
  While heaven and earth abide,
Swaying silent with sightless eye
  There in the sluggish tide.

Joy Enough

It matters nothing, if, to-day,
  Beneath the splendid sun,
We hold to the appointed way,
  Doing what must be done.

Reward? What would you? Have not we
  The waves beneath us bent?
The winds about us blowing free?
  Above—the firmament?

The Cheer of the Men Who Speak English

The playground is heavy with silence,
The match is almost done,
The boys in the lengthening shadows
Work hard for one more run—
It comes; and the field is a-twinkle
With happy arms in air,
While over the ground
Comes the masterful sound
Of victory revelling there:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the match we have won
And each sturdy son
Who carried the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With clear voices uptossed
For the side that has lost,

The Cheer of the Men Who Speak English

And one cheer more
For those winning before
And all who shall ever win:
The cry that our boys send in—
The cheer of the boys who speak English!

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
The drum and bugle sound,
The lanterns of battle are lighted,
"Cast off! Provide!" goes round;
But ere the shrill order is given
For broadsides hot with hate,
Far over the sea
Rings hearty and free
Defiance to every fate:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the fight to be won
And each sturdy son
Who 'll carry the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the fleet
For foes doomed to defeat,
And one cheer more
For those winning before,
And all who shall win again:

The Cheer of the Men Who Speak English

This is the cry of the men—
The cheer of the men who speak English!

The blare of the battle is over;
The Starry Flag flies on;
The sailors in sorrowful quiet
Look down on comrades gone;
The tremulous prayers are ended;
The sea obtains its dead;—
Or ever the wave
Ripples over their grave,
One staunch good-bye is said:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the men who have won,
For each sturdy son
Who gave up his life to be true!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the host
For the brothers we 've lost,
And one cheer more
For those falling before
And those who have yet to fall:
This is the cry of us all—
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

How We Burned the Philadelphia

By the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
He would scourge us from the seas;
Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
Then lighted his hookah, and took his ease,
And troubled his soul no more.

The moon was dim in the western sky
And a mist fell soft on the sea
As we slipped away from the *Siren* brig
And headed for Tripoli.

Behind us the hulk of the *Siren* lay,
Before us the empty night;
And when again we looked behind,
The *Siren* was gone from our sight.

Nothing behind us, and nothing before,
Only the silence and rain;

As the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
And cast us up again.

Through the rain and the silence we stole along,
Cautious and stealthy and slow,
For we knew the waters were full of those
Who might challenge the *Mastico*.

But nothing we saw till we saw the ghost
Of the ship we had come to see,
Her ghostly lights and her ghostly frame
Rolling uneasily.

And as we looked, the mist drew up
And the moon threw off her veil,
And we saw the ship in the pale moonlight,
Ghostly and drear and pale.

Then spoke DECATUR low and said:
"To the bulwarks' shadow all!
But the six who wear the Tripoli dress
Shall answer the sentinel's call."

"What ship is that?" cried the sentinel.
"No ship," was the answer free;
"But only a Malta ketch in distress
Wanting to moor in your lee.

How We Burned the Philadelphia

"We have lost our anchor and wait for day
To sail into Tripoli town,
And the sea rolls fierce and high to-night,
So cast a cable down."

Then close to the frigate's side we came,
Made fast to her unforbid—
Six of us bold in the heathen dress,
The rest of us lying hid.

But one who saw us hiding there,
"*Americano!*" cried.
Then straight we rose and made a rush
Pell-mell up the frigate's side.

Midshipman MORRIS was first aboard,
DECATUR and LAWS came then,
And the rest of us with our cutlasses,
Nearly a hundred men.

Less than a hundred men were we,
And the heathen were twenty score;
But a Yankee sailor in those old days
Liked odds of one to four.

And first we cleaned the quarter deck,
And then from stern to stem

We charged into our enemies
And quickly slaughtered them.

All around was the dreadful sound
Of corpses striking the sea,
And the awful shrieks of dying men
In their last agony.

Skulls we crushed, and necks we cracked,
And mighty breasts stove in,
And our eyes were filled with battle-smoke
And our ears with a fearsome din.

The heathen fought like devils all,
But one by one they fell,
Swept from the deck by our cutlasses
To the water, and so to hell.

Some we found in the black of the hold
Some to the fo'c's'le fled,
But all in vain; we sought them out
And left them lying dead.

Till at last no soul but Christian souls
Upon that ship was found;
The twenty score were dead, and we,
The hundred, safe and sound.

How We Burned the Philadelphia

And, stumbling over the tangled dead,
The deck a crimson tide,
We fired the ship from keel to shrouds
And tumbled over the side.

Then out to sea we sailed once more
With the world as light as day,
And the flames revealed a hundred sail
Of the heathen there in the bay.

All suddenly the red light paled,
And the rain rang out on the sea;
Then—a dazzling flash, a deafening roar,
Between us and Tripoli!

Then, nothing behind us, and nothing before,
Only the silence and rain;
And the jaws of the sea took hold of our bows
And cast us up again.

By the beard of the Prophet the Bashaw swore
He would scourge us from the seas;
Yankees should trouble his soul no more—
By the Prophet's beard the Bashaw swore,
Then lighted his hookah, and took his ease,
And troubled his soul no more.

Richard Somers

His body lies upon the shore
Afar from his beloved land,
And over him shine tropic suns;
No more he thrills at sound of guns,
No longer, cutlass in his hand,
Cries, "Follow me!" and goes before.

Above him droop the languid trees
Athirst and fainting with the noon;
Around him drowsy lizards crawl.
No more he hears the boatswain's call,
Nor sees the waters rock the moon,
Nor smells the keen and salty breeze.

Vain roars old ocean in his ear,
Calling to him from mighty deeps,
Yearning for him who loved the main.
Never shall he make sail again;
Under the restless sands he sleeps,
He is at rest, he cannot hear.

Richard Somers

But when the Trumpet sounds alarms
On that great day when all shall rise
And earth and sea give up their dead,
Then out from his unquiet bed
Where now heroic SOMERS lies,
His soul will leap to ocean's arms!

The Flag With Fifteen Stripes

Our Navy's name was written in flame
When Fifteen Stripes we flew,
That flag's bright fame we kept from blame
Wherever the seas were blue;
For under it—by all the Powers!—
When the dogs of war let slip,
If we met the enemy he was ours,
And we did n't give up the ship!
Then: Hip! hip! hip!
From every lip:
Hurrah! *The boatswain pipes*
The tune to the tars
Under Forty-five Stars,
Of the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

When Fifteen Stripes raced over the blue
Our Navy was but small,
We had to do with a frigate or two—
No ships-of-the-line at all;

The Flag With Fifteen Stripes

Our guns blew up, our powder was weak,
Our cannon-balls under weight,
Yet the flag at our peak through the battle reek
Sped many a fiery fate.

When Fifteen Stripes snapped in the gale
If cannon could not reach,
We clapped on sail till we hugged his rail
And left his hopes a-breach;
Over his side we 'd gaily climb
Through pistols, pikes and hell,
To the ringing rhyme the cutlasses chime
And the bully boarders' yell.

When Fifteen Stripes sailed in the van,
Although our ships were few,
Both fleet and man were from one plan,
Staunch and tried and true;
There were n't so many mechanical arts
When our men-o'-war were oak,
But we armored their parts with American hearts
And the battle flame and smoke.

Then: Hip! hip! hip!
From every lip:
Hurrah! *The boatswain pipes*
The tune to the tars
Under Forty-five Stars,
Of the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

Xix August., Mdcccxii

What is that a-billowing there
Like a thunderhead in air?
Why should such a sight be whitening the seas?
That 's a Yankee man-o'-war,
And three things she 's seeking for—
For a prize, and for a battle, and a breeze.

When the war blew o'er the sea
Out went HULL and out went we
In the *Constitution,* looking for the foe;
But five British ships came down—
And we got to Boston town
By a mighty narrow margin, you must know!

Captain HULL can't fight their fleet,
But he fairly aches to meet
Quite the prettiest British ship of all there were;

Xix So he stands again to sea
August., In the hope that on his lee
Mdcccxii He 'll catch DACRES and his pretty *Guerrière*.

'T is an August afternoon
Not a day too late or soon,
When we raise a ship whose lettered mainsail reads:
"All who meet me have a care,
I am England's *Guerrière*";
So HULL gaily clears for action as he speeds.

Cheery bells had chanted five
On the happiest day alive
When we Yankees dance to quarters at his call;
While the British bang away
With their broadsides' screech and bray;
But the *Constitution* never fires a ball.

We send up three times to ask
If we shan't begin our task?
Captain HULL sends back each time the answer "No;"
Till to half a pistol-shot
The two frigates he had brought,
Then he whispers, "Lay along!"—and we let go.

Twice our broadside lights and lifts, *Xix*
And the Briton, crippled, drifts *August.*,
With her mizzen dangling hopeless at her poop: *Mdcccxii*
Laughs a Yankee, "She's a brig!"
Says our captain, "That's too big;
Try another, so we 'll have her for a sloop!"

We hurrah, and fire again,
Lay aboard of her like men,
And, like men, they beat us off, and try in turn;
But we drive bold Dacres back
With our muskets' snap and crack—
All the while our crashing broadsides boom and burn.

'Tis but half an hour, bare,
When that pretty *Guerrière*
Not a stick calls hers aloft or hers alow,
Save the mizzen's shattered mast,
Where her "meteor flag" 's nailed fast
Till, a fallen star, we quench its ruddy glow.

Dacres, injured, o'er our side
Slowly bears his sword of pride,
Holds it out, as Hull stands there in his renown:
"No, no!" says th' American,

Xix August., Mdcccxii

"Never, from so brave a man—
But I see you 're wounded, let me help you down."

All that night we work in vain
Keeping her upon the main,
But we 'd hulled her far too often, and at last
In a blaze of fire there
Dies the pretty *Guerrière;*
While away we cheerly sail upon the blast.

Oh, the breeze that blows so free!
Oh, the prize beneath the sea!
Oh, the battle!—was there ever better won?
Still the happy Yankee cheers
Are a-ringing in our ears
From old Boston, glorying in what we 've done.

What is that a-billowing there
Like a thunderhead in air?
Why should such a sight be whitening the seas?
That 's *Old Ir'nsides,* trim and taut,
And she 's found the things she sought—
Found a prize, a bully battle, and a breeze!

The First American Sailors

Five fearless knights of the first renown
In Elizabeth's great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was grey
As a moonlit night,
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day—
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.

Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT, he was ONE
(*And Devon was heaven to him*),
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
(*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—*
Hated him up to the brim!):

The First American Sailors

In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea as land;
  Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,
  For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach
  From near the Equator away to the Pole;
  While the billows beat and the oceans roll
    On the Three Americas.

Sir Francis Drake, and he was two
  (*And Devon was heaven to him*),
He loved in his heart the waters blue
  (*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—*
    Hated him up to the brim!):
At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him, and fled afeared,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
  Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
  For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach
  From California away to the Pole;
  While the billows beat and the oceans roll
    On the Three Americas.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, he was THREE
(*And Devon was heaven to him*),
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea
(*He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—*
Hated him up to the brim!):
He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach
From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, he was FOUR
(*And Devon was heaven to him*),
He loved the waves and their windy roar
(*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—*
Hated him up to the brim!):
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with the *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—

The First American Sailors

And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach
From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

And Sir JOHN HAWKINS, he was FIVE
(*And Devon was heaven to him*),
He worshipped the water while he was alive
(*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—*
Hated him up to the brim!):
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
His cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach
From the Rio Grandè away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;

And still in the West
Is their valor blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.

Overseas They Wait

Over the sea they wait for me,
My own wife and the child,
And I must fight for life to-night
On the ocean black and wild.

Now God *preserve the mariner*
Afloat on the angry foam,
And God *preserve the wife and child*
Who wait for him at home!

But what if I to-night must die,
And never see them more,
My lonely grave beneath the wave,
Far from my native shore?

If God will so, then I shall go
Bravely to death's embrace,
And God will care for the dear ones there
And take them to His own place.

But oh! I pray to God He may
  Grant me a happier fate;
For I would fain see them again
  Who sit at home and wait.

So I will fight for life to-night
  On the ocean black and wild,
For oversea they wait for me,
  My own wife and the child.

Now God *preserve the mariner*
  Afloat on the angry foam,
And God *preserve the wife and child*
  Who wait for him at home!

Ballad of the Havannah Taken

"The Havannah ho! the Havannah ho!"
King GEORGE of England cries,
"Who fights for me, now Spain with France
Is joined in great emprise?

"Stout ALBEMARLE have I sent out,
Sailing from Portsmouth Town,
And close by the walls of Morro Castle
He steadfastly sits down.

"Come, you who on the yesterday
Gave the Canadas to me,
Come forth to-day, and gain the Havannah
Over the foamy sea!"

"Now I who fought for you with France,"
Says ISRAEL PUTNAM bold,
"Will fight as yesterday at Quebec
Against proud Spain's stronghold;

"And we who plucked that Lily of France
Will pluck this Flower of Spain!"
And thereupon this bold PUTNAM
Goes sailing the foamy main.

"The Havannah ho! the Havannah ho!"
He sails until he hears
From all the shore about Morro Castle
ALBEMARLE's mighty cheers.

What lies beleaguered in the town
Will neither do nor dare;
Stout ALBEMARLE has hard and fast
The snarling Spaniard there.

"Come now," says ISRAEL PUTNAM bold,
"Wolves have I caught before;
Give me a sword, give me a pistol,
And I will catch one more."

Stout ALBEMARLE gives him a pistol,
A sword in hand also.
And side by side the stout and bold
At the Wolf of Spain they go.

They fight him in, they fight him out,
They clip each claw and fang;

Ballad of the Havannah Taken

From Monday noon till Saturday's moon
That wicked beast they bang.

"Hold hard! hold hard!" cries the snarling Spaniard,
"Though two to one we be,
Here is my flag, here is my sword,
And here my treasury."

Stout ALBEMARLE he takes the sword,
The treasure, too, he takes;
Its station high above the Havannah
Spain's once proud flag forsakes.

Loud mourns King CHARLES this frosty fate,
Loud mourns LEWIS of France,
"The Canadas—the Havannah—gone!"
They join in a doleful dance.

Bold PUTNAM and stout ALBEMARLE,
What measures fair they tread!—
Quebec and Morro Castle lost
Leave foes full ill bestead.

King GEORGE of England long laughs he
As PUTNAM's hand he takes,
He laughs at France, laughs loud at Spain
As ALBEMARLE's he shakes.

So always shall the enemy
  Bend low his boasty pride,
When ALBEMARLE and PUTNAM, too,
  Go fighting side by side.

Ten thousand year let it be clear,
  Ten thousand year and a day,
Ere those who take the Havannah
  Bear them another way!

Brothers of One Blood

From our fathers' loins descended,
Brothers of a single line,
Ye with whom we have contended
In the web of God's design,
Brother warring against brother
In the angry battle's flood,
Still our hearts called each to other,
We are brothers of one blood!

Now barbarians assailing,
We together must withstand,
Heedless of the women's wailing,
Heedless of the coward band;
Brother side by side with brother
In the angry battle's flood,
Hearts still calling, each to other,
We are brothers of one blood!

And hereafter, in fraternal
  Bonds no jealousy can burst,
Let us swear a pact eternal—
  Come the best or come the worst;
Brother back to back with brother
  'Gainst the whole world's hostile flood,
Hearts still calling, each to other,
  We are brothers of one blood!

Peace Hath Her Victories

The whistling, shrieking westerly gale
In its wild December sweep
Had turned the face of ocean pale
With foam, abysses deep,
When in the lens 'twixt cloud and spray
A spot showed black on a world of grey.

The siren billows of George's shoal
Were luring a victim in,
So the good *Lord Gough*, through surge and roll,
The dismal drift and din,
Laid straight a course for the heaving foam
Where the treacherous breakers clash and comb.

At last, half way on a shattered mast
The Stars and Stripes they saw,
Dull with distress; then, over the blast,
Heard HUGHES, like an autumn ſtaw:

"Boys, give them three good English cheers!
Come running forward, volunteers!"

They were manning their boat, these English tars,
Though the sky beat down on the sea,—
When, sudden, that flag came down with its stars,
Then ran to the mast-head free,
With its blue above—as if it swore,
"Despite the storm Fate smiles the more!"

But that gallant few, though the blasts would blow
Their valor from the helm,
Rowed forth as they would have you row
When winds and waves overwhelm;
The elements bow to their conquerors
When the deck of the *Cleopatra's* theirs.

With winter yet in their very bone
And their ship and their flag both gone,
The Americans tell how the gale had blown
Despair since early dawn:—
And this it was their captain meant
When his ensign free on the wind he bent;

Peace Hath Her Victories

For Pendleton looked over here to the *Gough*,
  At his elbow saw Death stand by;
What then of that little boat putting off
  Where the seas beat back the sky?
His doom was on him; so signaled he
Lest these, too, perish fruitlessly . . . .

While Englishmen in mercy go,
  Cheering, to war with Death;
While Americans their last hope can throw
  To the waves, for another's breath;
A tyrant Fate needs slink afraid
From eyes so clear and undismayed.

And oh! ye folk of English speech,
  When such is the brood ye 've borne,
What favor need ye ever beseech
  From a Fate so ripe for scorn?
Stand forth, 'tis yours by right of birth,
And take, ye heritors of the earth!

Chiquita: A Legend of the Western Seas

Her name? CHIQUITA. Ah, señor,
  See how the sea-weed winds around her!
Dead? Yes; for many an hour before
  I came and found her.

The gentle waves had laid her down
  Here on the sands, and heaped her over
With soft, sweet-smelling foam, and brown
  Long-leaved sea clover.

And hark! The sea-birds sing her dirge,
  And all the chorus of the ocean
Makes mournful music, surge on surge,
  In sad devotion.

Last night she lay within these arms—
  Her mother's arms, señor, no other—

Chiquita

And in her sleep beheld the charms
Of sleep's twin-brother.

I know, for while I watched her, tears
Gleamed in the low light of the embers;
And then she sighed the sigh one hears
And—one remembers.

From out her troubled lips words came
Mixed with the sigh—words wet with sorrow:
"I die for thee!" and then a name,
And then, "To-morrow"—

I did not understand, you see—
How could I tell her days were numbered?
But God had willed this thing to be
And I—I slumbered.

Well, now I find her dead and cold—
Señor, the story 's old, but never
Castilian blood grows cold or old—
It burns hot ever.

Therefore I do not blame her—no,
Others have loved with song and laughter
And then, through loving, learned to know
What woe comes after.

Love is a glorious thing, señor,
When, in the dusk, guitars are playing
And on the smooth adobè floor
The dance is swaying—

But love is bitter when he goes
And days pass on and leave one weeping—
The sun has blighted many a rose
Given to his keeping.

Well, so the world was made, and I
Do not lament that darkness covers
The shining brightness of the sky
That smiles on lovers.

To me night came long years ago—
Night in whose gloom I often stumbled—
But pride sustained me still, although
My pride was humbled.

Pride in CHIQUITA—that was strong—
Pride in myself—there 's none remaining:
This was my secret. Right or wrong,
I 'm not complaining.

That so it is, nor that all pride
Has left me now—all things are seeming;

Chiquita And out there, rocking with the tide,
There is no dreaming—

CHIQUITA, daughter! We shall be
Racked by regret from henceforth never.
I seek the silence of the sea—
Farewell—forever!—

Bainbridge, the Brig, and the Blockade

The *Norfolk* brig has eighteen guns,
Before the wind she freely runs,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!
With WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE in command,
So sure of touch, so firm of hand,
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

It was the good year 'ninety-nine
(The *Norfolk* 's staunch as a ship-of-the-line),
When we were waging war with France,
And off the Cuban coast we dance,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!

Soon BAINBRIDGE sights a privateer,
The French tricolor shows out clear;
So BAINBRIDGE fires the big bow-gun
And for the coast we make a run,
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

Bainbridge, the Brig, and the Blockade

The Frenchman grounds upon a ledge;
We burn her to the water's edge,
To learn she has a sister-ship
A-fitting in the Havannah's slip,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!

So WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE turns about,
Lays for the Havannah a course straight out,
And says to the Spaniard, loud and clear,
"I want that other French privateer!"
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

The Spaniard laughs at the *Norfolk* brig,
For she is little, and Spain is big:—
The *Norfolk* is of the good old sort
And, single-handed, blockades that port,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!

They can't get in, they can't get out,
For BAINBRIDGE stands there, sure and stout,
And when he aims a Yankee gun
Its bullet straight to the mark will run,
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

A Spanish ship puts out to fight,
A Spanish ship puts back in fright;

Bainbridge, the Brig, and the Blockade

She learns, from the weight of the *Norfolk*'s ball,
If not so big, she is not small,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!

With a flutt'ring sail the word 's sent out
That Spain has turned to the rightabout;
She wishes to do what we think fair,—
And won't we meet her halfway there?
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

We meet her at the privateer,
The which we burn, like her sister dear;
And then the *Norfolk* puts to sea,
After teaching the Spaniard a thing or three,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!

All this was in the good old days
With naught to blame and much to praise,
And, now we 've come to days quite new,
The self-same thing is just as true,
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

The Yankee ship has ten-ton guns,
Regardless of wind she freely runs,
Sing hey, for the Yankee cruiser!
With a Yankee captain to command,
So sure of touch, so firm of hand,
Sing ho, for our bold commander!

When My Turn Comes

When my turn comes, dear shipmates all,
Oh, do not weep for me;
Wrap me up in my hammock tight
And put me into the sea.
For it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:
"He did his duty right,
And strove the best he knew to please
His captain in the fight."
But it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:
"Cleared from this port, alone,
A craft that was staunch and sound and true—
Destination unknown."
And it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,
Alone the long night through,
Up there in the darkness behind the stars
I 'll look out sharp for you.
So it 's no good weeping
When a shipmate 's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
All the long night through.

Notes

THE BAPTISM OF THE FLAG:—The first American flag to be hoisted as a naval ensign was the device of the Snake run up by Captain (then Lieutenant) JOHN PAUL JONES, on the *Alfred*, Captain ESEK HOPKINS, at Philadelphia, early in January, 1776. The "grand union" flag, i. e., the British Jack cantoned upon the thirteen American stripes, was also shown at that time. It was June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress established the present national standard with its thirteen stripes and a star for each State. It is, therefore, among the oldest of national symbols, Great Britain's present standard having been adopted in 1801. The *Ranger*, eighteen guns, Captain JOHN PAUL JONES, sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 1, 1777, and secured the first recognition from abroad of the STARS AND STRIPES in the salute fired by the French Admiral,

Notes Le Motte Piquet, at Quiberon Bay, just north of Nantes, December 14, 1777.

The Burning of the Philadelphia:—The destruction of the *Philadelphia*, which Lord Nelson, then commanding the British blockading fleet off Toulon, called "the most bold and daring act of the age," was effected on the night of February 9, 1804. In the party, numbering but seventy-five officers and men all told, were Stephen Decatur, Jr., James Lawrence, Joseph Bainbridge, Thomas Macdonough and many others who rose to distinction.

Richard Somers:—Master Commandant Richard Somers, after many examples of the most distinguished gallantry in the operations of the American squadron before Tripoli, volunteered to lead the powder boat *Intrepid*—formerly the ketch *Mastico* in which the *Philadelphia* was attacked and destroyed—into the harbor, thronged as it was with the enemy's shipping. The night of September 4, 1804, was chosen for this desperate enterprise. By the explosion of the *Intrepid* a Tripolitan gunboat crowded with soldiers was sunk, and two others seriously injured with many

on board. All the Americans, including the gallant SOMERS, Midshipman HENRY WADSWORTH, uncle to the poet LONGFELLOW, Midshipman JOSEPH ISRAEL, and ten seamen, perished. Their fragmentary remains were buried on shore; but, the Moslems refusing a Christian stone to desecrate their land, their graves were never marked.

THE FLAG WITH FIFTEEN STRIPES:—Upon the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union, May 1, 1795, the number of stars *and* stripes in the national ensign was increased to fifteen. There the stripes remained until the admission of Illinois, December 3, 1818, when the original thirteen stripes were returned to, the stars then standing at twenty. There are now forty-five sovereign States in the AMERICAN UNION, each with its star in the flag.

BALLAD OF THE HAVANNAH TAKEN:—June 6, 1762, ALBEMARLE sat down before Havana. July 20, 4,000 of AMHERST's victorious regulars, with 1,000 Connecticut Rangers under Colonel ISRAEL PUTNAM, 800 New Yorkers, and 500 men from the Jerseys, arrived from New York. July 25, the assault upon Morro Castle began. July

Notes 30, it fell, followed, August 14, by the surrender of the city with $7,000,000 of treasure. On the English side there were 14,041 men engaged; on the Spanish, 27,610. This siege and assault is the last appearance in history of any considerable forces from Great Britain and from the territory afterward falling within the United States in coöperation.

Peace Hath Her Victories:—This thrilling international episode earned the thanks and rewards of the American Congress, Captain Hughes of the Liverpool steamer *Lord Gough* obtaining a gold medal, and all his gallant men being remembered. The Bishop of Ripon thought this incident, which took place in December, 1889, worthy the genius of Tennyson, and forwarded an account of it to him. The Laureate having done nothing with it, this unworthy substitute is put forward, *faute de mieux*, with many apologies.

PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

66235005

PS3535
I228U
1898

UNDER THE STARS AND OTHER VERSES

by WALLACE RICE and BARRETT EASTMAN

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO.
PUBLISHERS ... CHICAGO ... MDCCCXCIX